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GEN. JOHN H. MORGAN

Is one and the oldest of six brothers, all of whom, save one, have been active and useful in the present struggle of our young Confederacy, devoting their all to the great cause. CHARLES C. MORGAN has acted as an agent at home in Kentucky for the command of his brother, and has undoubtedly done as much good in that capacity as he would have done had he been in the field. His third brother, Col. RICHARD MORGAN, is the adjutant-general of the junior Hill, and has been with that gallant officer through his whole campaign. The fourth brother, Major CHARLTON H. MORGAN, is at present in his brother's command, having been recently transferred from the army of the Potomac. When the present war broke out, Charlton Morgan represented the United States government abroad. He immediately resigned his position and came home to take his part in the struggle, and was the first member of his family to come into the Confederate States. The fifth brother, Lieut. THOMAS MORGAN, at present a prisoner at "Camp Chase," Ohio, was one of the first youths of Lexington to shoulder his musket and march to the defence of Kentucky. The sixth brother is yet too young to bear arms.

Gen. MORGAN, as were all of his brothers, was born and educated near the city of Lexington, in Kentucky, and is a lineal descendant of MORGAN of Revolutionary fame.

In 1845, during the Mexican war, when the call came for "*more volunteers*," JOHN H. MORGAN, then scarcely of age, raised a company, and went out upon the point of starting when the news reached the States that a treaty of PEACE had been concluded. Well do the survivors of that company remember the conduct of their captain upon the disbanding of his company. Every man of the company (which was principally composed of young men dependent upon their labor for support) was indemnified for the loss of his time during the period of recruiting. Twas at this time that MORGAN gained the title of captain. The Kentuckians of the command still refuse to recognise or apply any other title to him than that of "THE CAPTAIN."

Gen. MORGAN is not a "West Pointer," but one of the few men who was born to *command*, as he has innumerably proven. He believes that it is his destiny to fight against a race of men whose every principle is so utterly repulsive to his own noble nature. His contempt for the Yankee character is great and natural, and his daring deeds in this war show how thoroughly he understands it.

Sometime after the Mexican war, he purchased an establishment and engaged in the manufacture of jeans, linseys and bagging for the Southern market. About the same time, he married the accomplished Miss REBECCA BRUCE (whose traitor brothers are all against us in this war). After years of suffering from sickness she died, about the commencement of the present troubles. After performing the last sad rites to his departed wife, he immediately and secretly collected a little band of followers, not over twenty-five in number, and left the country, making his way to Green River, where he reported himself to the Confederate officer in command "ready for duty." His band was rapidly increased by the arrival of exiles from Kentucky, who knew well the worth and value of the man to be the States of the Southwest.

His command, upon reporting, were placed, with some other cavalry, upon picket duty on Green River, where he began a series of bold and daring exploits, which are unequalled for their boldness and the manner of their execution.

It was his determination when he left his home in Kentucky, should his command ever become numerous enough, to return and liberate the oppressed Puritans, who, through Kentucky's generosity, had quite ruined his native State, by over crowding it and driving her sons to the States of the Southwest.

A little incident, showing the strategic powers of Morgan, is here worthy of mention: An order was issued by the authorities of Kentucky, from head quarters at Frankfort, that all the arms in the State should be forthwith forwarded to the State armory, there to be inspected and repaired for the use of the "*State Guard*," who were to maintain what the Union shriekers, termed Kentucky's "ARMED NEUTRALITY." Gen. Morgan, then captain of the "Lexington Rifles," was suspected of having evil intentions against the peace and quiet of "Uncle Sam," or rather that "Old Hoosier," King Abraham. It was, however, known to all loyal Kentuckians that he was "a good man and true;" in other words, that he was for his State first, last and all the time. Hence, the Lincolnites kept a sharp eye on the guns held by Morgan's company. Morgan knew that they had determined to get the arms out of his hands, and issued the order mainly for that purpose. And he, in turn, had determined that they should not have them; so, in the dead of night, they were removed some distance from the city, and the boxes, in which they were to have been placed, neatly filled with bricks instead, and marked "*Guns from Capt. Morgan, State Armory, Frankfort.*" Good care was taken that the boxes should reach the depot at Lexington *just too late*, and there they lay exposed to public view. The Lincolnites removed the boxes with unspeakable delight, winking and blinking at one another, supposing that they had fixed

GEN. JOHN H. MORGAN, THE "MARION" OF THE WAR.

MORGAN and his Scotch company," and flattering themselves that they had for once in their lives defeated a man who had always been as a thorn in their sides. That night Captain Morgan, in command of his brave band, passed through Lawrenceburg, Ky., a distance of twenty-five miles from Lexington, having in their possession *eighty four rifles* belonging to the Yankee government.

At the commencement of the present struggle, Gen. MORGAN was possessed of great wealth, all of which he left in the hands of the enemy when he came South. He has ever been a public-spirited gentleman and dispensed his means with liberal hand for the public good. There are many who can testify to his quiet manner of doing good. There is no man living who can say of JOHN H. MORGAN, that he went to him "tired and hungry, and he fed him not; he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not."

Gen. MORGAN is now about thirty-six years of age and in the full vigor of manhood. He is about six feet in his stockings, as straight as an Indian and magnificently proportioned; light curly hair, small grey eyes and fair complexion. His general appearance is that of a gentleman of leisure—his carriage exceedingly graceful and manly, with rather an indication to be fastidious in his dress. His modest, unassuming manner will soon win an acquaintance, and once you that you are in the presence of an unpretending, thoroughbred Kentucky gentleman. Unlike many other of the great men of the war, though a man who entertains great respect for religion, he is not a member of the church. His deeds have been heralded throughout the broad limits of the universe, and his name will be cherished wherever the "Stars and Bars" of his beloved Confederacy wave.

THE TEST OF GENERALSHIP.—"If you are a great general," said Sylla to Marius, "come and fight me." "If you are a great general," was the quiet answer, "make me come and fight you."

ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON.

Napoleon was accustomed to wear a coat of mail under his clothes, and which he rarely went without. On his departure once for Belgium, he thought it best to guard against those dangers with which he was threatened—having all Europe leagued against him—by every means in his power. He accordingly went for a clever workman, and asked him if he thought himself competent to make a coat of such texture that no weapon whatever could penetrate. On the artificer answering in the affirmative, Bonaparte agreed to give 10,000 francs, the sum asked. On the day fixed, the man brought his work to the place. Napoleon quietly examined it, and ordered the workman to put it on himself. The man obeyed.

Napoleon took up a pistole, saying, "We shall now see if this coat of mail is of the texture you promised me." He fired at his breast, the canvas resisted. "Turn round." The man obeyed. The second ball struck his back, and with the same result. The poor artificer, half dead with fright, thought these trials would be sufficient, but he was mistaken in his calculation. Bonaparte next seated himself with a long, feeling gaze, and made the same experiment on the shoulders, back and breast of the trembling patient. Happily the canvas resisted and saved the inventor from an errant's grief.

"How much am I to pay you?" said Napoleon, "after this noble exploit?" "18,000 francs," stammered out the affrighted artificer. "No such thing, sir," said Napoleon, "I shall give you 30,000;" and gave him an order on his treasurer for the sum.

WHAT IS "SCIENCE?"

—A learned LL. D. has given the following definition: Science is one, will define the term by illustration: The word "splunge" is a coinage, probably not yet in any Missionary yet meaning, as of a great rock of the mountain, disintegrated from its summit, should rush and bound, pursue an undeviating, unchecked, inter-sylvan lake at its feet, there making an uproarious splash, boring its way through the parted and the frightened waves, and after dashing the spray in all directions, burying itself in forgotten recess under congenial sand at the bottom so gone forever from sight, from search, from upper air, and all the ways of men—thus meaning—the low sins of making a considerable sensation in the heart man in society.

FINDING FAULT WITH YOUR CHILDREN.

It is at times necessary to censure and punish; but very much may be done by encouraging them when they do well. Be, therefore, more careful to express your approbation of good conduct, than your disapprobation of bad. Nothing can more discourage a child, than a spirit of incessant fault-finding on the part of its parent. Hardly anything can exert a more injurious influence upon the disposition both of the parent and the child. There are two great sources influencing human actions: love and fear. Both of these are at times necessary. But who would not prefer to have his child influenced to good conduct by the desire of pleasing, than by the fear of offending? If a mother never expresses her gratification when her children do well, and is always censuring them when she sees any thing amiss, they are discouraged and unhappy. They feel that it is useless to try to please. Their days are spent in hardened and soured by this ceaseless fretting, and at last, finding that whether they do well or ill, they are equally found fault with, they relinquish all efforts to please, and become heedless of reproaches.

But let a mother approve of her child's conduct whenever she can. Let her dwell upon good behavior makes her sincerely happy. Let her reward him for the efforts to please by smiles and affection. In this way she will plant in her child's heart some of the noblest and most desirable feelings of our nature. She will cultivate in him an amiable disposition and a desire to please. She will, besides, during the day, very pleasant and obedient. Just before putting him to sleep for the night, you take his hand and say, "My son, you have been a very good boy to-day. It makes me very happy to see you so kind and obedient. God loves children who are dutiful to their parents, and he promises to make them happy." This approbation from his mother is to him a great reward. And when, with a more than ordinary affectionate tone, you say, "Good night, my dear son!" he leaves the room with his little heart full of feeling. And when he closes his eyes for sleep, he is happy, and resolves that he will always try to do his duty.

A NOCTURY OF TERROR.

Once more is the drawer opened; once more are the papers in my hand. The ink of my firm youthful writing has grown pale, and the paper discolored. For I have not cared for many a long year to open a pell to touch with painful recollections.

My present narrative is founded upon these rough notes now before me; they were hastily and briefly written down at the time, and too truly chronicle events to which I was myself a witness.

To proceed. Date back thirty-five years. I was a medical student; my friends in the country had placed me in a neighboring city for the purposes of education, and underwent the ordeal of surgery or anatomy at that date existed in provincial towns, and the earlier years of the student life were passed in the acquisition of general preliminary information, and in attendance upon the local hospital or dispensary, previous to his visiting London to complete his education. Still, however, in the principal provincial cities and towns, anatomical study was rendered a matter of the utmost importance of this particular branch of professional education having led at an early period to the establishment of rooms for dissection, and the delivery of lectures on anatomy. In the town in which I resided, one of the leading surgeons erected rooms over the municipal dissecting-room of the purpose. These antique apartments, part of the moldish fabric of the cathedral, had been fitted up for lectures and dissections. The narrow casements overlooked an ancient graveyard, and the dampness necessarily consequent upon the fine-worn Gothic carvings, the silent quadrangle with its spreading yew tree, the dark shadows in the cloisters arches beneath the rooms, gloomy even in the summer daylight, gave a funereal character to the locality; and the nature of the studies carried on above becoming generally known, in spite of my pretensions, the place was regarded with peculiar aversion by the townspeople.

In the present day, the advance of education, and the wise provisions of an anatomical bill passed some years ago, now regulate medical schools and to supply them with subjects, have much lessened these extreme prejudices of the populace at large, and have entirely remedied many of the evils. The practice of disinterring bodies and the sentence of the law, which formerly doomed the anatomist to the dissecting-room, accounted for the strong feeling of horror and indignation with which human dissection was universally regarded. People became so shamed, that wherever the body of a man arose were frequently placed over the graves of recently deceased persons at their friends, to prevent such sacrilegious interment went on, and a sufficient number of bodies was obtained, though with great difficulty, to supply the necessities of the science. It seems now extraordinary that such a system should have ever existed, or that any young men of education and taste should have been found to engage in the revolting work. But the danger and mystery of the occupation lent those excited in youthful minds a daring spirit of adventure, and there were always plenty of volunteers ready to undertake them. It was not this spirit of enterprise, however, that alone actuated the students, but a regard also to a fatiguing and dangerous duty—heavy toil in the dissecting-room at night, with the certainty of the roughest treatment from the janitor if discovered. Besides which, was the unpalled taste, the attainment of anatomical knowledge, and the considerations and esteem of teachers and comrades always accorded to the hardworking and the resolute.

It was, then, on a wild, stormy night in December, 1825, that a party of students agreed to meet in the dissecting-room, and to start from thence at midnight on an expedition for a neighboring churchyard, three miles distant from the town. The party consisted of Balfour, myself, Archer and myself. Gamfield by my greater experience, I was the leader; Balfour came my second, and Gamfield undertook to procure a gig for our conveyance. I agreed to join Balfour in his room an hour before we started, in order to prepare a dissection which we had been unable to complete the night before, and which it was necessary to complete for the morning lecture. Balfour was the son of a distant relative in the town, and had been carefully brought up. He was a quiet, reading, attentive student, but of a reserved and gloomy disposition. He was placed in the anatomy class from the more of his age, and consequently, though generally respected, he was not popular with his comrades. He was a beautiful built, strong fellow, with a resolved and even handsome countenance, though his smile was somewhat sinister. A man of hitherto revered courage, I always felt that I could rely upon him in emergency. It had been raining and blowing hard all the day; the evening closed stormily in clouds, and showed no prospect of improving as the night set in. Between the hour, and, gauging up the dark circular staircase, was glad to find the fire I had made up when I left in the afternoon was burning brightly.

It was a wild night. The gravy leaden casements shook noisily in the heavy gusts of the wind, and the rain against the leads swept round the cathedral tower. The skeletons suspended by hooks from the ribbed roof creaked in the frequent draughts. The dried anatomical preparations contained in cases ranged round the room stood out in the waving gloom, and as the candle flared up, the skull grinned with grinning teeth from their glazed sepulchres. In the centre of the apartment, stretched on a board and covered with a sheet, lay a subject for dissection, the nobody of a quarry recently robbed by a fall from the rocks. The dim light of the candle rested upon the sodden folds of the white drapery, and gave a statuesque character to the form.

As I sat in the gloom waiting the arrival of my comrade, a succession of strange thoughts and fancies passed through my mind. I speculated upon the probable history of the face concealed beneath the sheet—was it not horribly distorted by the nature of the death—a fearfully sudden death —rendering a wondrous living tissue of organization, in an instant, effete and worthless—a man yesterday, and to-day knowing more of heaven or hell than all the philosophers upon earth. Now only serving as a subject for dissection, while inheriting an immortality! Well, he is at all events dead, yet when did he die? Is the last act of expiration the death? Certainly not. A smouldering vitality exists in the great nervous centres for some time afterwards, and persons apparently dead have been restored to life by galvanism and artificial respiration when the pulse and the breathing had long ceased. This brought suddenly to my mind stories I had heard of people hastily conveyed to anatomical theatres who were rescued from supposed death by the stimulus of the surgeon's knife.

The idea grew harshly vivid, until I fancied that I saw the shrouded subject rise and stand erect, slightly move. Though I felt that this was but the effect of an excited imagination, to reassure my mind I rose, walked to the table, removed the covering, and looked upon the features of the dead. There was nothing to alarm in the wax effigy. The countenance was placid, the eyes nearly close in lines nor by the shadows, and I gazed upon the fixed and peaceful outline of what had been a vigorous, bull-savage, boiling athlete, with a mingled feeling of interest. Young as I was, my eyes had often before rested upon the sublime and touching spectacle of death, but I never remember to have been impressed more deeply. In life, the unbreathing, unobstructed nose-feature, his facial developments indicative about of nerve and energy, were now in the grave. the expression —how solemn; how elevated the lines; how beautiful the repose:

> More fair than life is the pale image. Death.
> The fine-unveiling pureness of the mind,
> They were not seen in life; for life is dim,
> And hues are earthly Pain or Fear behind
> To break the shadow of the day-dream Hope.
> Angelic lines, unmoving, firm and pure,
> In solemn calmness their majesty compose,
> Sharp cut, as if for ages to endure.
> The very purity of stillness hath a soul,
> So darkly housed behind life's prison bars,
> It does not speak with meaning utterance,
> And join the kindred light beyond the stars,
> Yet leaves no impress of the passing strife!

It was now eleven. The quarter bells chimed out from the cathedral, and I heard the sharp rap of my friend, taken up in succession by more distant belfries, whose drowsy voices were borne far away upon the sweeping storm.

I heard the shuffle of Balfour, more serious and sour in aspect than usual. Wrapped in a rough coat and muffler, he did not speak until he had removed and shaken his drenched garments.

"Balfour, this is a capital night for us: we shall have no witnesses to our proceedings. Are you prepared?"

"Do you think so?" he replied. "For all that there are heavy fools out here, and the darkness and the storm. Come, get to work, we have no time to lose. Gamfield hasn't chalk has struck, and I see," turning reproachfully towards me, "the dissection of the subject's lecture is not yet even begun. Come, to work!"

Thus reminded, he uncovered the body and proceeded to fix the arm across the chest, the better to dissect the upper and back part of the extremity, at the same time that he secured it with the fingers of the left side of the table. The limb was thus put forcibly upon the stretch, and the subject drawn over on its side. Balfour, seating himself opposite to the dissecting-table, with his face to the other side, engaged in reading aloud the anatomical description of the parts we were to examine, during a pause, the hook which had secured the arm in the direction before mentioned, slipped its hold, and the hand, suddenly freed from its fastening, fell with a heavy and startling force upon the turning body, and struck Balfour a violent blow upon the face. With a fearful oath the more startling from his habitual composure—Balfour sprung to his feet, like Richard in the tent-scene; with hair erect, blanched face and large drops of perspiration gathering on his brow, he staggered back, shouting:

"Oh, God! the fiend's alive!"

I dashed at him, horror-struck myself, not at what had occurred—for I saw how it had happened—but at the abject terror of my companion, appalling to the last degree. Clasped together, we huddled each other into a corner of the room, giving us one passing struggles a sharp gratuitous to the suspended body, which, still violently, vacillating:

"He is not alive; he is dead—dead!"

But Balfour, half death-struck himself, still gasped:

"Alive! alive!"

"No, no, no," I repeated; "he is dead!"

At length he broke away from me and sunk down in the corner whimpering:

"And yet it is impossible; that half-dissected body cannot be alive."

"My good fellow," and I, "this is mere childish delusion—what is it that you're appalling to the last degree? Clasped together, we huddled each other into a corner of the room, giving us one passing struggles a sharp gratuitous to the suspended body, which, still violently, vacillating:

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"And yet it is impossible; that half-dissected body cannot be alive."

"My good fellow," and I, "this is mere childish delusion—what is it that you're appalling to the last degree? Are you well? Here, take some brandy."

He seized the flask and drank deeply; then, with a strong effort, he rose, walked to the fire, sat down with his back to the dissecting-table, and said nothing.

The whole scene was very ghastly. Balfour's firmness in all issues of trial, heretofore, made his present abject fear the more unaccountable and shocking. No doubt, in a mood of his serious mind and nerved courage, a momentary and temperament prone to superstition, the impression of an instantaneous and appalling was the more powerful in its effect.

We sat in silence.

"Balfour," I said at last, "we must put off our expedition for this night; it is blowing and raining hard, and you are not in a fit state to encounter fatigue and exposure."

"Why do you talk thus?" he replied, looking round fearfully "do you think that I am afraid?

"Not at all, my dear fellow, but circumstance that has so startled you may perhaps make you—" Here I hesitated, not caring to say what I thought, so I stopped abruptly.

"Wilder," said Balfour, sagely, seizing me by the arm, "have I ever quailed in this most horribly, but to my eight sense took?—have I ever shrunk from my duty, that you thus insinuate?"

"Never, Balfour; you have always stood by me like a man, and I would rather have you for my lieutenant than any other of the students, and that you know right well; but we will not go to-night for all that."

He started up, and with sudden energy exclaimed, "I will go, even if I go alone—even should the dead arise to oppose me. Wilder, say not one word more," and he struck his fist violently on the table, setting the skeletons and window-frames trembling and clattering in the pause of the storm which was now subsiding.

At this moment we heard the sound of wheels, and the old clock tolled twelve.

"Here is the gig, and we not ready," I exclaimed.

I was glad to see Balfour eagerly seize and put on his grave-clothes. I followed his example. We then collected all the requisite tools, toothpick, shovel, elevator, &c., and descended to the street, grouping along in the dark.

"A wild night, sir," said Gamfield, the chapel voice of young Fletcher, a youth of seventeen, who, accustomed to drive, was chosen as our charioteer. "I have had the greatest work to get the trap; I should never have succeeded old Higgins it it had not been for Nancy. He declared that we were going to commit a robbery, and that somebody would swing for it one of these days; and Nancy actually kissed me because she had it in her mind that I should be sorry should any such dreadful spectacle occur. However, I got off, and here I am all right and tight."

"All right, indeed," we said, as we looked at the horse steady? It is awkward work driving in such a black night as this."

"Be easy, my dear friend, I could drive you to the devil if required."

"Well," added Balfour, "I believe it is not unlikely that you may go so."

It was a good horse, and we rattled along at a great pace between long lines of lamps through lonely streets, deserted, save by drunken wretches reeling the hour, who raised their dim lanthorns to see what we were. Then came the straggling, half-lighted suburbs, and lastly the dark and open country, through which we drove more slowly, though still at a steady trot, to the quiet churchyard at Hilton. The wind had increased to a whistle; low, rolling clouds, opening here and there, showed a few faint stars, but the heart of heaven shadowed by trees would have been almost undistinguishable save for the glimmering pools left by the heavy rain. Part of our route lay between thick plantations of firs, where occasionally a gust of wind broke and crashed mournfully. Arrived within a quarter of a mile of our destination, we drew up, arranged our tools in the most convenient way for carrying, and left the gig in charge of Gamfield, till we came near the burying-ground. We now quitted the gig, and turning to the left, drove back to the shadow of the fir-trees, there to await our return. A second wind, half over the path that led to the church-yard, we passed to look around and aware ourselves that no one was following upon our steps. The low grounds we had just passed through, though for the most part shrouded in the darkness, were in places indicated by the reflected course of the water, that caught faint gleams of light from the parting clouds above. The church lay in the hollow before us, and from a thousand gleaming eyes, lay stretched upon the plain; while the tower, going onward to the walls, held to its breast the inverted firmament of heaven, and the fir-trees flew upon the surface of the rippling flood. The spires and other lofty buildings stood out from the mass from the wide gloom in high relief, red with the reflected light of the fires. These restless flames, like those of Phlegethon, extinguished never, gave of from time to time a more long fierce leap, which cast the darkly radiance to the clouds themselves. There was something mysterious in these silent gleaming fires, apparently unfed, yet blazing on independent existence, when through many minds and rolling heads that ruled them thousands of living men were in their rest.

The city glared with light, but the graves were dark!

Sho, with her hundred thousand sleepers, kept
Unbroken silence in her solemn profound,
A life in death, the illumined shadow slept.

We turned from this solemn spectacle to the solemn thing we were about to do. We were approached in the dark sanctuary of death with more of awe and reverence than at any moment, though about to smoke and desecrate that sanctuary by ribald acts. The quiet church, the quiet church, the moaning wind, the feeble and straggling stars, all seemed to hush us into awe, and breathing upon the deep slumber of the dead. The tender associations that had been in the last resting-place, the flower-planted grave of the beloved, fell heavily upon us, and shadowing the imagination with a vision of what seemed, in spite of philosophy, to be a crime, and which to certainly a deed most painful and revolting in the execution.

The shadow of the darkest night which you inwardly bore appeared almost to overwhelm me as we approached

silence. Presently I heard another sound, not unlike it, a soft tapping noise that I could not understand. It appeared, at times, to be very near me, and then to die away in the distance. The grating of the spade in the stony soil, which had been going on for some time, now ceased. I therefore returned to Balfour, to see what he was about, and to take my spell at the work, surrendering to him the watch. As I approached he spoke softly from the grave, in a quick, low, and excited way.

"Hush! do you hear nothing? do you see nothing?"

My own attention had been drawn to the peculiar sounds before mentioned—soft intermitting sounds, like little footsteps patting on the ground. Balfour came stumbling up to me.

"It is horribly dark; what are these noises, like heavy dropping of blood? Are they the echoes of the church clock, or are they ten ticking clocks to the roster? I hate this infernal thing! What is it? Is it a dark spirit, and here to be thus tormented?" And he wiped the perspiration from his brow with his sturdy hand.

"Pish, pish! it is nothing at all, Balfour," said I; "get back to the work again. I will go to the other side of the yard and see about it."

I crossed the ground in the direction of the sounds, ankle deep in the rank wet grass that ever fattens on the rich loam of the churchyard, slipping over graves and low flat gravestones, to the imminent danger of my shins. When I drew near, I perceived the simple cause of our alarm; though that alarm had for a moment or two deprived me of my self-possession, and set me at the top of the tower, and pattered on the flags below.

As I turned to go back, I pointed a dark figure standing close to me. In my first impulse I seized it by the throat, but was roughly shaken off by the more powerful Balfour.

"Why, by devil," I angrily exclaimed, "is it you that are making all this noise?"

"Who are you?" he answered, in a deep, hoarse voice, that was myself astonished, and could in no way explain this new phenomenon: however, I said hastily—

"Birds, sapient birds, chirping bird as—nothing more."

"Whiles," said Balfour, slowly, in a hollow and altered voice, "I did see no, and would see no, bird; nevertheless, may be a dreadful sin that we are engaged in; come, let us go."

I was much more alarmed at Balfour's evidently growing disturbance of mind than at the cause, and did what I could to re-assure him. The sounds, as I noticed them again, were only one, and nothing like from me, in another moment I was hard at work. I had scarcely thrown out a dozen shovelfuls of earth, before Balfour touched wildly up, and exclaimed—

"By Heaven there is something in the churchyard—there—close to the verge of the inclosure!"

Instantly I jumped out of the grave, and, with straining eyes, looked in the direction he indicated. I could see nothing.

Balfour was evidently pointing to some moving object, and following it with his finger, as it glided rapidly along, which, in the agitation of the moment, I did not understand. We stood close together, and looked over and beyond the opposite boundary wall; there, the solemn bushes were waving slowly in the night air, against the illumined sky, but no other moving thing could I see.

At the same time, a new and extraordinary sense of undefinable solicitude and anxiety, a sort of presentiment, I inferred, crept through me; and I now felt certain that with a mind in Balfour's excited state, verging upon insanity, I could hope for no assistance, but on the contrary, every embarrassment, I determined to give up all farther attempt, and to leave the churchyard at once. I was on the point of saying so, when my companion broke again in broken shivering whispers:

"Wilder, look yonder, do you not see it now? I see it distinctly in glasslly outline against the sky; mark how it glides along, slowly, very slowly—a terrible shape—a priest with light, where the shadow should cover the breast.—See, it stops, it beckons, it turns as to its haunt; oh, Wilder, stay not a moment, instantly hit on grave—see, there open there—that is the grave, its grave—tread softly, softly, and with haste. Then, in the delirious ecstacy of his terror, he suddenly sprang out in a loud frantic voice, and paused in the shocking silence of the night, "Save me, oh God, for I come into deep waters, where the floods have prevailed upon me; save me save me! I go to judgment." And he made a step forward, as if to advance upon the mystic horror.

Now was my own concern infinitely increased, when I fancied that I myself could perceive through the misty veil, resembled a lovely passing shadow, illumined below, and dark above the wall. The undefined sensation I had before experienced vanished into a deadly sense of sickly fear, as I followed with straining eyeballs a dim something that was stealing along the verge of the inclosure, in the direction of the dark evergreens, erect and human shaped. Had I not been infested by Balfour's abject terror (for terror is an infectious disease), it is possible that my natural audacity would have made me dash at the figure to solve the dreadful mystery; but as it was, I stood, for the moment, benumbed, terror struck and incapable of motion. As I gazed with dilated pupils, I saw the shadow arm was upraised on high, but whether to beckon us on, or to warn us to desist, I could not in the dim obscurity discern.

At this moment the air became filled with the same strange, sweet, whistling sounds we had before heard—above, below, around us, everywhere. My comrade fell heavily to earth in strong convulsions, and struggled violently in the loose mould, flashing it about in a fearful manner. I endeavoured in vain to hold him in these spasms, to prevent him from hurting himself but in vain; so I let him wrestle it out, while I thrust my handy-dark between his long-wedged teeth, to prevent his getting some shocking bit into his mouth. I thought of running for Fletcher, but I feared to leave Balfour alone. Presently he grew still, and recovering, he should go raving mad to find himself alone, and apparently deserted: besides, what could become of the figure? I looked for it, but could see it not. I do not know how it was—for I am sure my present situation was bad enough—but I felt in my anxiety for Balfour, and the constant attention I was obliged to give him, a relief from a worse and more prostrating feeling, that of a terror such as I had never before undergone. I felt, in fact, determined not to turn my eyes in the direction of the late visitation, and to await, as steadily as I could, the restoration of my companion to consciousness. The marvellous now nearly ceased, returning only at intervals and in a slight degree—but it must be remarked that I had, in the process under chief and chafed his temples, sprinkling his face with spirit from my flask. After a brief period of intense anxiety, I perceived that Balfour was coming to, in a degree assured. I gently whispered to him that we were going away, and when his upon him, and, with his loitering steps, towards the point of our entrance. In this way, with difficulty, we gained the boundary wall, and I lifted him over, and helped him with me, and then proceeded up with the other. At this moment the clock struck three, and the sounds now failing, I paused for a moment to breathe. I paused after my exertion, leaning against the wall, and still supporting my companion, the cool night breeze that came the welcome coolness to my heated lungs, fanned my heated brow with an ineffable sense of refreshment.—My shattered breath grew deeper in the pure current of fresh air, and my thoughts began to proceed again. My judgment, which had never entirely deserted me, was restored to its full power, and I recovered my full strength.—I felt excited, but equal to any emergency. It was clear that Balfour's mind had not yet sufficiently recovered to enable to comprehend the circumstances, I, by my remark, attempt to lead him to a consciousness on this point. I felt that I had been guilty of a breach of trust in going to the yard to the end. Here I left him and run on to Fletcher. Jumping into the gig I told him to drive instantly back to where I had left Balfour.

"What is the matter?" whispered Fletcher; "have you seen the devil, or any of his imps?"

I made no answer, but seizing the reins from him, as we approached the spot, I pulled up sharply, leaped from the rig, and found Balfour sitting where I had left him.

"Here, Fletcher, jump out and lend a hand to get him in."

Fletcher now whispered: "Oh, the immaculate Balfour drunk, I perceive."

"Be quiet, you know nothing about it; keep hold of him and remain where you are until my return; I will-be with you in ten minutes."

I hastened back to the churchyard, determined to ascertain, if possible, what it really was that had upset us so completely. As I drew near to the grave, I paused in the direction of our recent terror, and leaping down, walked to the grave. Here I collected the tools that were scattered about, and seizing the spade, with a formidable weapon, I advanced, with a beating heart, to the other side of the graveyard. As I approached the shadowy object, the objects in the enclosure seemed perfectly stationary. At last I arrived at the extreme end of the yard, and leaned against the wall. I felt sick and faint. I felt a sudden faintness, and the darkness which enveloped me seemed to profound that I had not the power to return in.

In a few minutes my faintness passed to off but it required the utmost resolution to enable me to enter the funeral shadow of the evergreens. I did enter, though, and walk all round and between what I found were cypress trees. No night burst from the gloom. All was bare and silent. I returned with more than trepidation, and not to advance. I felt every moment as if about to be clasped from behind by a loathsome supernatural thing, and I could with exquisite pain. I rejoined my comrades. Balfour remained in the same condition, and Fletcher exclaimed:

"Thank God you are back, I have been dreadfully frightened with this living ghost. What is the matter with him, and what is it all about?"

I now hurriedly explained what had occurred, and told him to get home as fast as he could.

We drove rapidly but cautiously once more the deserted streets, and reached the lecture-rooms in safety. I ran up the stairs to unlock the door, and, asking the others if the coast was clear, received a reply in the affirmative for the four. He seemed partially to comprehend that no was to leave the gig. Both assisting, we got him upstairs; and then Fletcher drove off to the stable.

I now proceeded to examine more closely into Balfour's condition. He was sitting in his chair, quite wildly distort, were insensible to the action of light; his extremities cold. I laid him on the floor, bathed his face and head with cold water, and poured more brandy down his throat, until, by degrees, his consciousness partially returned. I was right glad when Fletcher knocked at the door to announce that he had returned. He seemed partially to comprehend that no was to leave the gig. Both assisting, we got him upstairs; and then Fletcher drove off to the stable.

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Dawn at last stole through the gloom and dimmed our wasted, flaring candle. When the daylight was fully established, I sent Fletcher for a carriage, and putting Balfour into it, drove with him to his house. The family were not yet up, and dressing the servant to get him to bed as quickly as he was able, I hastened to Mr. Bromfield, our anatomical professor, and begged him to return with me as soon as possible. He attended to my request at once, and on the way I detailed to him the adventure. Mr. Bromfield listened attentively to my recital. He considered that Balfour's unusual terrors were due to his having been unwell before we started; that I had myself been infected by my comrade's fear, and that the whole thing was but the result of our disordered imaginations. I made no answer to these observations; and though I inwardly wished that the matter could be thus satisfactorily explained, I knew better. We now arrived at Balfour's house, and Mr. Bromfield had seen and examined the patient, he expressed great alarm. He said—

"There is much more in this than I at first thought. I consider him in immediate danger."

I was astounded. I had hoped to see that the remedial measures which he had ordered were promptly carried out, and to breathe freely once more. For my part, I returned in a sad and subdued state of mind, and felt more than half inclined never again to attempt these adventures. Fatigue and excitement will quite upset me, and I felt glad I was to find myself once more in my own lodgings. I undressed and jumped into bed, but ravaged in vain for sleep. Whenever I dozed off, the horrible scene with Balfour in the dissecting-room, came before me, or I fancied myself in the churchyard starting at every noise. At last I could bear these half-waking horrors no longer; so I determined to get up and go to lecture, for it was just ten o'clock, the hour for its commencement.

Our professor was there when I arrived. After the demonstration was over, I applied to him as to remain a pupil; and after alluding, with great feeling, to Balfour's alarming state, he went on to say—

"I know, gentlemen, the sad necessity which impels you in a stern sense of duty to procure, by your own exertions, subjects for dissection—and that which it is impossible that you should attain these high objects of professional ambition which a worthy student ever sees before him. Oh, who shall approach the holy mysteries of human life, without awe? God's own image, and dare to invade that mystical sanctuary with irreverent curiosity? Oh, who, that has not studied the field, shall dare to practise this noblest of all the arts, without a thorough understanding of the wonderful fabric he is to save or to destroy? Who, in the civil battle-field is the sacred chamber of private life, may dare to enter, and not feel that he is a ruthless and profaned mind, that a profound knowledge which nothing save dissection—constant, laborious dissection—of the human body, and the unwearying study of good anatomical treatises can afford him? Nay, if he hold not the attainment of this knowledge as the one great object of his life, he is unworthy to be called on his career, and seek elsewhere for a more congenial pursuit.—Gentlemen, our studies need no excuse. I feel that all and each of you are anxious students, your leisure hours, your lives, as secondary to a sacred duty. In your hands, gentlemen, will, by-and-bye, rest the great responsibility of life and death, committed to be be enriched, yet cheerfully accepted by the well-educated and practical surgeon. I, too, feel the responsibility, not only as a student, but as a teacher, and yet I must ask the students to suspend their important labors for a time. I felt it a duty, under present distressing circumstances, to require your presence not to engage, for the present, in any further attempt to procure subjects. The difficulties and dangers which beset the inquiring student in the prosecution of his anatomical researches, are a great respect to this enlightened age; but I entertain a sanguine hope that the representations of practical and scientific men may influence the Legislature, and that a better mode of supplying anatomical schools with subjects will speedily remedy the present evils we so much deplore.

"Gentlemen, the most perfect silence is necessary as to the events of last night. From the necessarily hurried manner with which the party left the churchyard, traces of their attempt may possibly draw the attention of the authorities and lead to a public inquiry."

Mr. Bromfield having finished his address, we all pledged ourselves in the way he required, and the meeting broke up.

Returning wearily to my lodgings, I was startled by a placard, signed by the churchwardens of Hilton, which a man was in the act of posting up. It was as follows:

FELONY.

FIFTY GUINEAS REWARD!

WHEREAS, late last night, or early this morning, some villain or villains, unknown, entered the churchyard of Hilton, and feloniously stole the body and the grave-clothes of a person therein buried; and this is thus incurred a penalty of transportation. Any person giving information that may lead to the discovery of the offender, or offenders, shall receive twenty guineas reward upon his or their apprehension, and a further reward of thirty guineas upon conviction.

I do not know that the horrible witness of the night affected me more severely than this announcement. The body gone and the grave-clothes! I read and re-read the words until the very idea sickened me. The unearthly appearance we had both of us seen for a fearful moment.

I turned away from the contemplation of this infernal placard, repeating unconsciously, "the body and the grave-clothes—the body and the grave-clothes!" Suddenly I started as full speed to Balfour's. Judge of my alarm and distress when the door was open and the family up and the household in great confusion. Mr. Bromfield and Fletcher, with several neighboring practitioners in the room, had driven thither by the efforts of Balfour's extraordinary state. As I entered the apartment Balfour, a dying man, was upright in his bed, and with the same ghastly expression he wore in the dissecting-room, pointed at me with outstretched arms, and exclaimed, in a voice that haunted my dreams for months afterwards,

"See, it comes again! The grave is opened! I am in the Valley of the Shadow of Death—it grows darker and darker—I—go—!"

He gradually stiffened in this fearful attitude, and in a few minutes was a corpse. So ends my account of terror.

THE SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Richmond, Saturday, September 13, 1862.

The "Illustrated News" is published every Saturday afternoon, and can be had on application at our office, on the building occupied by Messrs. Ayres & Allen, corner of Cary and Virginia streets. The Trade supplied at a liberal discount.

Wanted, Agents for the "Illustrated News" in every city, town and village. Address Ayres & Wade, Richmond, Va.

To Advertisers.—A limited number of advertisements will be inserted in the "Illustrated News" at the rate per line.

Wanted.—A Competent Storekeeper.—To a gentleman who thoroughly understands his business, the best of wages will be paid.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,

Two competent Wood Engravers. The highest price ever paid in this country will be given to good artists.

THE TIMES.

In the short sketch of the momentous events that occurred around Richmond during the months of May and June, we omitted to mention the combat at Parkinsville, one of the best fought actions of the war, which, of course, was claimed by McClellan as a victory, and well it is for, a victory of the description of all those gained by himself in this vicinity, and by Pope in Piedmont—that is to say, it was a victory for the Confederates. We also left out a far more important action, although not contested with more gallantry; we mean that which occurred between our cavalry and the cavalry gun-boats at Drewry's Bluff. That battle undoubtedly saved Richmond from bombardment, which might have reduced her to ashes, but could never have induced the surrender of the Capital of Virginia had provided against that catastrophe, in a manner which rendered it impossible. It had resolved, in a spirit which does them immortal honor, that the city should be given to the flames, and from that moment, the spirit of the people rose to a level with the occasion. It is remarkable, that before this resolution was parted, the inhabitants generally were despondent, not because they feared that Richmond could be burnt, but because they thought it would be surrendered without a blow; not because they had any apprehensions for their own safety—for they had reason to think that if they surrendered without resistance they would be protected, but because they desired to defend their city to the last, even to its utter destruction. From the moment they saw the bold and patriotic stand taken by the Legislature, they discovered all apprehensions. They still believed that they might be approached successfully by enemy, but the action at Drewry's Bluff erased even that misgiving. From that time, as long as McClellan staid in the neighborhood, they did not appear to think the capture of the city by him was within the range of possibility. Their behavior was quiet and confident beyond all precedent. The contrast presented by Richmond, alike in danger and triumph, to the Northern cities, has astonished the world, and excitedly remarkable. The latter go into ecstacies at the mere ox of a successful skirmish. They run mad over the fall of Fort Donelson. The extravagance of their satisfaction at the capture of Nashville—which Lincoln told them was a victory—exceeded all belief. On the other hand, at the first news of a reverse, they become wild with terror. They immediately begin to pack up and fly from their cities, as though the enemy were already hanging their backs. The people of Richmond, on the contrary, and of all the Southern cities, have received the intelligence of defeat and triumph, on all occasions, with the same calm, noble, quiet demeanor which was the first occasion has been fired, or the first house illuminated, in honor of all those splendid successes, which place so among the first millitary feats of the day. We shall not at present enquire into the reason of this remarkable difference. It is sufficient for us to note its existence.

To resume the thread of our narrative; McClellan had no sooner been chased under the protection of his gun-boats, than the enemy with the design of making a diversion, probably, invaded the Piedmont region of Virginia in strong force, under the command of General Pope. This officer had already reported a victorious skirmish, by his report to Lincoln, that he had captured 20,000 of Beauregard's army on his retreat from Corinth; a statement so utterly destitute of truth, that it accepted for this occasion as a specimen of Pope's style, by which title he will no doubt be handed down to posterity in the pages of whomsoever shall hereafter write the history of this war. Pope commenced his career by a proclamation in which he boasted that he had heretofore never seen any back of his men, except in the enemies." He denounced "positions" and "lines of retreat" as the inventions of timid generals and pedantic pretenders. His own position was in the saddle, his own line of retreat, to advance on the foe. As for his "line of retreat," he left his rear to take care of itself. At the same time he invited his troops to indulge in unlimited license, by proclaiming that it was his intention to place no guard for the protection of a rebel's property. His troops did not fail to take advantage of the liberty thus granted them. They destroyed everything they could not carry off on their line of march. They proclaimed their intention to starve the inhabitants out, and they kept their word as far as they could. The whole Piedmont region, from the Rapidan to the Potomac, was converted into a wilderness. Gen. Lee determined to put a stop to these excesses, and to transfer the war to that portion of the country in which they were perpetrated. By degrees the greater part of his army was concentrated on the line of the Alexandria Railroad. Jackson's corps went first. It was not long before intelligence was received that a battle had been fought at Cedar Run, in Culpeper county, and that the enemy had been signally defeated. Six hundred prisoners were taken. The man were paroled, but the officers brought here and confined as felons, in obedience to a proclamation of President Davis in answer to Pope's savage declamation. They were about thirty in number, and are still held as hostages, to answer for any outrages upon life or property that Pope's soldiers may have perpetrated. Gen. Lee having at length concentrated his whole force, began, about the middle of August, to advance upon the enemy, who continually fell back. Gen. Stuart, probably taking the hint from Pope's expression about his rear taking care of itself, resolved to assist it in that laudable undertaking. He made a dash upon and completely surprised his rear guard, numbering 5,000 men. Never were consternation and confusion more fearfully developed. A large number of prisoners were taken, and enormous stores destroyed. Pope's coat, his sword, and the mill containing his correspondence with his government were captured. Never was enterprise more successful, or more important in its results. For a month, therefore, a few days after, captured trains from Alexandria, and tore up the railroad. Pope was hamstrung beyond all endurance. The attacks of his enemies were repeated and unremitting. They assailed him every day, in front, flank and rear, by day and night, cut off his communications, captured his supplies, and reduced him a to deplorable condition. At length it was found that Jackson had turned the left flank, and was in the act to get in his rear, while Longstreet was pressing him on the other flank.

We have brought our summary down to the brilliant achievements of our army on the 29th, 30th and 31st of August. We are disposed to think that the campaigns of August may compete with the most splendid campaigns of modern times. It places Gen Lee at the head of all living Captains. In one month our army marched 150 miles, gained many victories of great importance, and fought four great battles, in three of which it repulsed the attacks of the enemy, while in the fourth it routed him at all points. The combined armies of Pope and McClellan were unable to stand the fierce onset of our soldiers upon the plain of Manassas. They fled before them, in the most utter confusion, and but for the intervention of night, would have been all destroyed or captured. As it was, they left behind them 30,000 stand of arms, 80,000 men were killed, wounded and taken prisoners, and that the loss of the enemy during the campaign amounts to at least 50,000. Such enormous results, with so small a sacrifice of life, as small a number of life, have scarcely been witnessed during the present century. Nor have our troops failed to take advantage of their success. Already their last prey, Pope, is driven beyond, where tens of thousands of the inhabitants only await their arrival to declare themselves in their favor. The panic stricken tyrants, who have been raging on the war from Washington, are already preparing to leave us. The people of the North, especially those who were so lately our invaders, and perhaps the inhabitants of the rich valleys of Pennsylvania may taste, before many weeks elapse, of that cup which they have forced us to drink to the dregs.

The intelligence from the West is not less cheering than that from the Potomac. On the same day on which was fought the second battle of Manassas, Kirby Smith struck a great blow at Richmond, in Kentucky; a blow which has resulted in the capture of Lexington, and threw an army of ten thousand Yankees into his power. Two brigades of Kentuckians, who had been forced into the ranks of the enemy, came over and joined him. Everywhere the blue-grass country is in motion, flocking to the standard by thousands. The Yankees have already begun the evacuation of Nashville and Bugleville, and it is hoped that both Tennessee and Alabama will shortly be free. We are not sanguine that this may be the case, we earnestly pray. That it will be, we entertain not a shadow of doubt. We may be too sanguine, but we expect to see Bragg with his army in Cincinnati before the termination of the present Autumn.

THE INVASION OF MARYLAND.

The movement which has placed our troops upon the soil of Maryland has elicited universal admiration, not only in the glory achieved by the unrivalled courage of our noble army and the high skill of its great commander. The loftiest hopes are entertained, and not a shadow of doubt seems to obtrude for a moment upon the enlivening prospect. Criticism, rebuked by the brilliant successes that have cleared Virginia of the Yankees in a space of time so brief that we can hardly recognize its existence, is silent for the time, and waits with the rest of the world for the future. The public, indeed, has, all along, been ahead of the government in regard to this particular matter. It eagerly desired to march into Maryland immediately after the battle of Richmond of last year. As the wishes were not gratified then for reasons which, no doubt, appeared sufficient to the government, but it has never abandoned that favorite project, or ceased to hope that the day might come when it would be gratified. It has come at last, and the advance has been made under the most favorable circumstances that it is possible to imagine. The various forces of the enemy have been either destroyed or demoralized by the battles of Manassas. To meet our troops in Maryland, they have little else than raw recruits, many of them averse of the service, and all of them cowed and overawed by the illustrious names of the leaders of the Confederate armies, as the enemy they are brought to oppose. Be the numbers of these recruits as large as they may, they will still be no match for our veterans. Indeed, the greater the force, the greater the confusion and the more certain and more fatal the defeat. But our Generals have it in their power, by breaking up the railways, to prevent a very great accumulation even of raw recruits.

It is certain that the movement has been taken the enemy entirely by surprise, or that if he anticipated it, he was utterly unable to prevent it. As late as the 6th of September, when our troops were already, if not in actual possession of Frederickstown, at least within a few miles of it, a Philadelphia paper assured its readers that all the passages of the Potomac were securely guarded, and that it would be impossible for the "Rebels" to cross that river. A day or two before, the Washington Star expressed the most amused incredulity upon the same subject, declaring that it wished nothing better than for them to make the attempt. It hoped General McClellan would not interrupt them, but suffer them to pass over without molestation, that he might cut off their retreat and capture the whole of them. We were inclined, at first, to believe that this was mere empty braggadocio—mere whistling to keep up courage—but from the entire absence of all precautions to delay our passage, we are inclined to think that it was spoken in earnest, and that it was not believed at Washington any more than at Philadelphia, that the attempt would be made. The inhabitants, thus far, have shown themselves highly favorable to our cause, which is, indeed, their own. It is reported—with what degree of truth we know not—that the county of Frederick has already furnished a brigade of infantry and 150 cavalry. As it has been generally believed that the West Virginians are all Union men, and that the attempt will be made to join with the South, this fact, if it be a fact, is of the greatest significance. The Eastern counties and the city of Baltimore have long been known to be unanimous, or nearly so, in our favor, and the sign that gives us Frederick indicates a very feeble party in favor of the Yankee rule.

Mighty events—mightier than any that have yet occurred—are evidently on the wing. Before another issue of this paper, a great battle may have been fought, and the fate of Washington, possibly of the war, have been determined. We wait with anxiety, yet without the smallest fear, for the result. Our brave boys are not to be beaten by any force the Yankees can bring against them.

MUSINGS.

Twilight once more is casting her sombrous mantle o'er the free of the earth, and again the evening's shade seems hanging about us with an almost sacred stillness—It transpires for the lone commoner, who, weary with the day's unceasing toil, plunges deep and worldly hunger, ready repast on the jaded brain of thought.

Oh! solitude, sweet is thy presence; we would fain welcome thee as a friendly guest, to many the kind companionship of those gay visitants, who, though they dispel all those clouds of tedium, chilling sunshine and cheerfulness around them, leave unbrought thy holy calm and the charms of thy potent presence.

When leave expands with unaccustomed befall us, and the world seems dark and dreary; when weary with the din of social converse and the mart of public life, who does not love "to steal away from every numbering race," into some

"Lonely walk to muse and muse"

to commune with such reflections as may obtrude themselves on memory. It is a joy doubly dear, this to review the past, its many pleasant and sorrowful associations. We love to linger on past scenes of joy and gladness, mingling all those many pastimes, and those hours to memory dear—hours in which kind and loving hearts participated and responded to our every wish and thought. And when we look on the dark and gloomy picture of the past, although feelings of sadness come o'er us again, still the thoughts of such blights and tearful sorrows may shed their holy influence o'er our drooping as, perhaps, into closer communion with our weak frailties and misdeeds, and as it were, closer contact with our Heavenly Father.

In such an hour, we love to think of the present—of our bright hopes and enjoyments, and of those dear ones around the family altar, who, in sweet accord, join in the loving words and sweet smiles. And, as the past and present seem obliterated from our imagination, the future steals on space, and we tread amid new scenes of delight, weavin the brightest fabric for our future happiness and bathing our cheek in the bright tears of thought, deep, heartfelt joy. That act no a bright meteor, rent to beguile a lonely hour or deepening moment. Happy, indeed, are they whose bright, imaginative dreams are fully realized!

THE RETAIL PRICE OF OUR PAPER

Has been fixed at seven cents per copy, and can be had at the Bookstore of Messrs. Ayres & Wade, corner of Cary. We make this announcement in justice to ourselves, as we have been informed that the news-boys in this city have sold the paper at twenty-five cents, and, in some cases, as high as thirty cents per copy. We sell to the trade at *ten dollars* per hundred, and they, of course, have a right to charge any price they think proper, without consulting us. It is to prevent this extortion, that we have made the arrangements alluded to above, with Messrs. Ayres & Jonestron. Those dealers living at a distance will not, of course, be expected to receive only fifteen cents apiece for their papers, as the postage in all cases necessitates the selling at twenty cents.

THE HEAD OF OUR PAPER.

Having elicited a good deal of observation as to what was designed to be represented, we will briefly explain it, so as to relieve further conjecture. The scene on the left of the Virginia Washington Monument is intended as a view of Charleston Harbor, including Fort Sumter, where, the first gun for Southern Independence was fired—the blockading steamer may also be seen in the distance. The scene on the right of the Monument is a Mississippi home, with one of those picturesque Mississippi steamers, which could be recognized by any one who has ever traveled on the turbid waters of this river —the steamer about to cast anchor at her landing, which may be seen projecting out in the river. The design, we think, reflects great credit on both the artist, Mr. Cowell, and Mr. Tuscan, the engraver both of whom have executed their work in a truly artistic manner.

NEW BOOKS.

We have received from J. W. Randolph, Main street, a variety of Southern books, among which we notice the following, some of which will prove highly entertaining and valuable at the present time:—"Macleod's Military Surgery;" "Gross' Military Surgery;" Coplin's "Hand-Book for Active Service;" "Cooking by Troops in Camp and Hospital," by Florence Nightingale; "Songs of the South," a neatly printed little book, containing sixty Southern soldiers;" and the "True Church," by the Rt. Rev. J. Mcgill, Bishop of Richmond. The above named books can be had at the store of Mr. J. W. Randolph.

A COUPLE OF YANKEE CLARENDONS.

Sir Robert Walpole once declared that he never read history because he knew it to be a lie. This dry saying is probably not novel to our readers. In point of fact, it has been cited very often before. Few sentiments, indeed, are more trite, and for the reason, that every age and year bring out some historical work which is open to mind. The British historian is not the most trustworthy of writers, wherever party passion or prejudice distorts his perception of the truth, but the British historian, writing about the Englishman's period, or of the American war of 1776, will be thought an accurate and impartial chronicler, when he shall come to be compared with the Yankee historian of the war now raging on this continent. The Yankee, indeed, has shown a boundless aptitude for lying as a nation and as an individual, ever since the war began, and it is really difficult to determine in what cities of Yankee society the most colossal and overwhelming lies have been most plentiful. At one time we were disposed to think the newspaper press, with its immense mechanical agencies for the production and dissemination of falsehood, was entitled to the credit of carrying dishonor all over creation. But the generals in the field staggered us in this opinion, and the doctors of divinity upset us altogether. Halleck, McClellan and Pope quite outlaw the daily journals, but were left far behind, in their turn, by their very reverend and very pious brethren, Chaplain Vinton and Tyng. After all, however, the palm of pre-eminence in this department is held in reserve for a new class of candidates—for the writers of history. For the present living of the struggle, we must wait until we see the *Great Rebellion*, by the Rev. Joel T. Headley, and the *History of the Civil War in America*, by the Rev. J. S. C. Abbott. We give these authors their perks as clergymen, though they have both deserted their holy calling for publications, because, as brethren of the division here mentioned, they would seem to possess a special fitness to be up to the historic standard, or, as Gov. Barbour said, to "enlarge the horizon of humanity."

Mr. Headley and Mr. Abbott are well known to the reading public of America. The latter has been for many years general gatherup of biographies and history monger in ordinary to the great house of Sharpe & Brothers, Fourth Square, New York city. Sharpe's Magazine and Sharpe's Weekly were filled with his meritorious contributions, and labored with some success to puff his books into a considerable sale. The former, though a little more modest, was also employee of an insurance publishing establishment, has been before the world for a longer period, and taken more lives, perhaps, than his superior. Both of them are famous as having "done" the First Emperor Napoleon, the hotter, the greater, the more glorious of both, all that he was and did, in the most pompous rhetoric and the most fanciful narrative.

It is, doubtless, because of the brilliant success of their lives of the great Corsican, that they desire to illustrate the decay of the great Pennsylvanian, "the young Napoleon." Mr. Headley's book is out, and though we have not seen it, out of, so we are, by the bookseller, from the lights of Yankee criticism, we have no hesitation in the least assertion that it is a glorification of McClellan after the manner of his apotheosis of the Emperor. Mr. Abbott's *Civil War*, is only announced, but this also will be devoted to grand encomium of action, to the Yankee imitation of Napoleon Premier. There is, to be sure, some difference between the two historical figures. In the same length of time that the great George will preparing his army for the fatal 18th "little Corporal" and taken half the world in his "falling hand" from Moscow. But the Yankee historians will set down as many victories for Gen. McClellan as Bonaparte ever won in a single campaign, while the retreat from Richmond will be shown to have been a better thing than the rapture of that worthless and impracticable captain.

Mr. Headley has been singularly unfortunate, we think, in the title of his work—the *Great Rebellion*—which will not admit of the most graceful comparison between his superior style and that of Lord Clarendon, (whose volumes on the struggle of King Charles with his Parliament and people are still read by some persons), but because it is manifestly absurd to dignify the present outbreak, as the Southern States, the mad freak of a few wicked politicians, with the title of "Great." A rebellion, which is always to be put down at ninety days' offer, cannot assume a title of the importance of that which was attached to the Cromwellian revolt; and to call it the "*Great* Rebellion" is a criminal misuse of terms for which that sharp critic and shaking reviewer of new publications, Mr. Seward, might justly have put the author in Fort Warren.

Indeed, when we consider what a very insignificant mark the Southern war of secession will make in the annals of the world, and how scanty it has already been regarded, as there is the restoration of the "glorious Union" and the triumph of the "blessed flag" (with the correspondence of Hon. W. H. Seward with Earl Russell), we can not only wonder that two such writers as Messrs. Headley and Abbott should condescend to make a history of it all. There are two reasons that we can assign for such waste of talent—the one is, they wished to outfly the Cabinet, the press the army and the public; and the other, that they might be the first to lay their hands profanely upon the skirts of their volumes. Our readers may determine for themselves which reason is the more satisfactory.

A PARAGRAPH FOR THE YOUNG.

Always speak with politeness and deference to your parents and friends. Some children are polite and civil every where else except at home; but there they are coarse and rude. Nothing else so gracefully upon children, nothing makes them so lovely, so habitual respect and unfeid deportment towards their parents and superiors. It makes the plainest face beautiful, and gives to every common action, a nameless but peculiar charm.

RAPID COMPOSITION.

Astonishment is often expressed by those who are not in the habit of writing, at the ease and rapidity with which practiced writers throw off their compositions. When the matter is fully understood, however, there is little wonder, after all, in it. By degrees, especially with press writers gently upon the habit required in the commencement of the writer's career. As soon as his style is formed, if he have the thoughts in his head, it is comparatively easy to transfer them to paper. Many persons suppose, that any one might require the habit of writing rapidly, if he would begin early enough. "I advised Chambers," he says, "and would advise every young man beginning to compose, to endeavor to be one, to get a habit of having his mind to start promptly; it is to much more difficult to improve in speed than accuracy." "A man," he continues, "knows how to compose in his chamber, and where he knows it he will correct it. But if a man is accustomed to compose slowly and with difficulty, upon all occasions, there is danger that he will not compose at all, or we do not like to do that which is not done with pleasure." "Johnson," he continues in a small matter than ought to be." Johnson himself was a very rapid writer. He tells us that he has begun a sermon after dinner, and sent it off by a post that night, and that he has forgotten pages of his Life of Savage in one night! sitting up all night, however, to do it. His style was precisely such as would enable him to write with the greatest rapidity. He still, truly, composed his sentences with a view to the verge of nausea. It has less variety and less inflection than any other with which we are acquainted. It is nervous, it is true, and in his hands become the vehicle of much solid sense and powerful thought. But he seems to have been deficient in imagination, and incapable of relishing the higher beauties of poetry. He digested his metres and even formed his sentences in his mind, before he set them to writing. The regularity, therefore, which he transferred his thoughts to paper, depended entirely upon his facility as an amanuensis. On the other hand, many authors who deal with great rapidity, are by no means remarkable for comparatively slow writing. There are others again, men of genius and reputation, who experience great difficulty in forming sentences, although they think rapidly enough, and are great penmen. Such was Adam Smith, who complains of his great labor in writing, and to trust the very circumstance. Yet he was a most profound thinker and valuable writer. Such another was Rousseau, who, according to his own acknowledgment, had great difficulty in composition, although a most voluminous writer, and a most eloquent one.

Coleridge wrote a quantity which seems to us prodigious. He averaged, we should think, at least a quarto volume for every year of his life. His style was somewhat loose and flexible, and his English, Southey thought, the purest of his day. Yet all this immense labor, he tells us, was performed between the hours of four and nine in the morning, when he could write nothing to think "midnight, taper" of which poets (whom he despised) boasted so much. He was a man of early hours, going to bed at eight, rising usually between four and five o'clock, and spent all the day in agreeable natural occupations. That he had little of the imagination we may judge, not only from his works, but from his having maintained that Shakespeare was a humbug, and that William Henry Ireland was the god of his idolatry.

Lord Byron wrote with astonishing facility. Medwin tells us that when in Greenwood, he frequently went to the opera, came back late, and wrote a canto of Don Juan before he went to bed. He has been known, according to the same author, to write a whole act of one of his dramas in a single night. This facility is the more surprising, when we consider how much more difficult it is for the exile world of imagination than works upon practical subjects or the topics of the day.

Sir Walter Scott must have written with more facility even than Cobbet; for his publications were so numerous, that he was engaged upon them a much less time.' When we take into consideration the peculiar character of those publications, we must place him, with respect to the quality of facility, higher than any man who has ever lived. Many of his novels and romances were written more for imagination, requiring the constant exercise of the inventive faculty. The characters he has drawn for crowd in number over those drawn by all the dramatists and novelists that have lived since he began to write. Shakespeare and no other have drawn so many diverse characters so much to the life. We do not mean to assert that the novelist approached the dramatist in the higher traits of intellect and imagination. Yet there was a wonderful degree of resemblance between them. They both possessed an universal sympathy for mankind. Both were free from the slightest touch of selfishness, egotism, or obliquity of moral vision. Both manifested a decided passion for dealing with the great events and personages of history. Both succeeded in impressing the world with their own conceptions of the personages they dealt with. Both were great moral teachers, and both poured forth their wealth of imagination with a calm confidence of its inexhaustible store, to which there is nothing in history that bears a resemblance. They resembled still further in this: That, while they both lived continually in a world of imagination, they were both practical men. Scott, at least, did not pretend to fits of sudden inspiration. He labored at the our from morning to night, like a galley slave. The most successful author and the most highly-gifted man of his day, he was a literary drudge to the last.

But the most fertile (in quantity) of all authors was Gaspe de Vega. He died in the age of seventy-three. He wrote and published twenty-one millions of lines of verse. His dramatic performances of one kind or another, exceeded eighteen hundred. Of these, eight hundred were absolutely produced on the stage. His verses averaged about seven hundred a day for all the days of his life. There is something almost marvellous in this, especially when we consider that Gope was a priest, held employments at court, and always appeared to have as much leisure as his hands could occupy. The most successful author and the most highly-gifted man of his day, he was a literary drudge to the last.

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LABOR.

Labor constributes, more than anything, to the health, contentment and prosperity of man. Sons of the greatest, the wisest and the best men in our country, have been those most unlikely, constantly and habitually employed? How much has been accomplished by patient, hopeful, unacomplaining labor, and by it what cannot be accomplished? In the beautiful language of the Scripture, by labor—"The wasteful is brought low, and rough places made plain; the wilderness becomes a fruitful field, and the desert rejoices and blossoms as the rose."

What tends more to call forth emotions grand and sublime, than the sight of every where, whether in the large populous countries, whose work occupied many years of many hands industriously and laboriously employed. Everything may be accomplished by patient, unfeigning industry, and there is no employment that has not been the oriental proverb: "With time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes satin."

We may notice in the animal and insect world specimens of more untiring industry than in that of our own, and to all whom experience to idleness we would commend the advice of Pope—

"Go, from the creatures thy instruction take."

By the healthful exercise of la'or, the mind becomes more active and energetic, and by the pleasant and elevating influence of study, labor is relieved of its tedium and monotony, and becomes at once honorable and agreeable. The heart of the laborer will earnestly respond to the following sentiment, beautifully expressed by the poet—

"Thank God for human labor,
Thou must not be afraid to work,
And as the mighty field of thought,
Reveals for all its depth and scope,
Oh! let nothing scare from ropes,
But thou never want work."

BATTLES OF THE REVOLUTION.

The following is a list of the comparative losses of life sustained in the battles of the Revolution, which will prove valuable as a table of reference at the present time:

	British.	American.
Lexington, April 19, 1775,	273	85
Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775,	1969	453
Flatbush, August 27, 1776,	400	200
White Plains, August 28, 1776,	600	400
Fortress, December 26, 1776,	1000	30
Princeton, January 3, 1777,	400	300
Bartlesbridge, August 16, 1777,	800	100
Bennington, August 17, 1777,	300	100
Brandywine, September 11, 1777,	900	1100
Stillwater, September 17, 1777,	600	350
Germantown, October 4, 1777,	1200	1000
Saratoga, October 17, 1777 (surrendered),	6702	
Red Hook, October 22, 1777,	500	32
Monmouth, June 28, 1778,	400	130
Rhode Island, August 17, 1778,	210	211
Briar Creek, March 3, 1779,	15	453
Stony Point, July 16, 1779,	600	100
Camden, August 16, 1780,	375	600
King's Mountain, October 7, 1780,	910	96
Cowpens, January 17, 1781,	800	72
Guilford Court-house, 1780,	532	400
Hobkirk's Hill, April, 1781,	400	400
Eutaw Springs, September 8, 1781,	900	550
Yorktown, October 17, 1781, (surrend.)	7072	1500

PAY YOUR DEBTS.

There never was a better time to pay debts than the present. Money is plenty; produce is plenty, and we have for sale commands a very high price. If you owe anything, and have anything for sale, go and sell it at once, and pay your debts and stop interest. When the war is ended, everything will go down to its natural level; money will not be so abundant, and you will not obtain such high prices for your surplus products. Many men refuse to pay their debts because they say law prevents them from being sued. As soon as the war is over the law will have full power to protect them, and those to whom they are indebted will sue at the first court. Now is the time to pay up and stop interest and costs.

DISCRETION.

There are many shining qualities in the world of man; but none so useful or discretion. It is this, indeed, which gives a value to all the rest, and sets them at work in the best manner. It points out every them to the advantage of their possessor. Without it, learning is pedantry; wit, impertinence; and virtue itself looks like weakness: and the best parts only qualify a man to be more sprightly in error, and native in his own prejudices.

A GREEK BEAUTY.

An officer who was wounded at Ikhrenah, having gone to a Greek village for his health, became the love of a Greek damsel named Sophy.

"I tried to console them with the idea of meeting their friends, but they were entirely overcome with the thought of leaving their home in the hands of strangers, and having to go, many where they knew not, for they were poor, and the poor make no new friends. Sophy was the daughter of a rich shepherd, of whom there were numbered to soldiers in the Russian army, was the only one who tried to keep up the spirits of the rest. The whole family were of Greek extraction, but she was of that transcendent beauty which one rarely sees, except in sculptors' studios. She had an air about her very past lovely, almost imbecile, who followed from instinct, as it were, and walked along, trying to sing songs of hope to her country to cheer up the rest. Poor girl! had I belonged in any profession other than my own, my dear ——, I would have had a wife beautiful as the first flowers of spring, with eyes like a gazelle and a face and a figure resembling that of Hebe, or Helen of old. I pressed what coin I had into her hand as I put her into the boat, so that she and her sisters at least might but want for bread or lucifers, and I rode back on my tent well contented with what I had done' and I know the good God who takes care of little fishes will not forget it, and will give me a little couple pieces when I require it,' as the saying is in India."

Honesty is current coin; uprightness, fine silver; probity, gold without alloy; but integrity is gold, tried and purified.

Written for the Illustrated News.

TO A SOLDIER LOVE.

BY MARGARET STERLING.

Thou art ever present with me,
Although wandering far away;
For I dream of naught besides thee
All throughout the weary day.

Though above thee flouteth banners,
And the battle trumpet peals,
While around thee low harps murmurs
Of the coming conflict steals,

In my heart the image resteth,
Ever watched by tender Love,
Whose white banner softly waveth
The sweet memory above.

Through the nights when thou art watching
Lonely 'neath the starlit skies,
Or with troubled dreamings tossing
While the night all slowly flies,

Then upon the heavens gazing
I am thinking, love, of thee,
How these stars, once brightly gleaming,
Heard the vows thou breathed to me;

How the silver, mazed moonlight
Fell around us like a veil,
How the mystic, ethereal starlight
Shone with beams divinely pale;

How the night-bird's song came gushing,
As with joy it wildly sang,
Through the forest grandly rushing,
Till the woods with music rang.

And art thou, my darling, keeping
In thy heart a thought of me?
Art thou ever fondly dreaming
Of the love I gave to thee?

Or hast thou no time to wander
In the enchanted Past?
Or do wish to bring larger
Where our love a glory cast?

In the wild life thou art leading
Is that love forever lost?
Or art thou those days wearing,
Though a song the memory cost?

However'er the Past doth bind thee,
As thou wandrest far away,
I am dreaming of thee only
All throughout the weary day.

I am waiting, hoping, praying,
Hoping soon, but fearing soon,
While Love's splendor, slowly fading,
Lingers round a vanished dawn.

August 30, 1862.

Written for the Illustrated News.

NEWTON.

"Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night,
God said, Let Newton be, and all was light."—Pope.

On the banks of the Tiber stood the city of Rome. Spurning from a village among the Sabines, it became, by its martial might, the imperial capital of the world; the trump of whose echoes shook every land, and the scream of whose eagle, as he hovered over her seven hills, was heard in the frozen forests of the North; on the fair shores of Britain and Gaul, between the Pillars of Hercules; and thence re-echoing along the blue waters of the Mediterranean and among the ruins of Greece, was borne beyond the sacred hills of Judea and the limpid streams of the East. But

"All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The sun himself must die,"

and Time, the master-spirit of change, decreed the fate of this mighty empire, and engraved its motto on this the proudest tomb that had ever been reared to republican freedom, in the ominous words "Hium fuit!" Block after block had been severed from the ancient mountains during the reign of the Cæsars, and when the storm of the Saracen came howling along the shores of Syria and the Phrygian sands, the veil of night that immediately after, with its myriad peeled, tottered and fell, burying in its fall the vestal flame of Lucretia, which had burned so brilliantly on its altars giving light to the whole world. Time was the sun, around which all lesser nations revolved, buried from its position, leaving the stars of its system to "pale their ineffectual fires" in their spheres. Ignorance usurped the throne of Learning, and the gloom of the Middle Ages attended its sway. No longer was the voice of Eloquence heard, except to action the patriotism of Roman senators, or the fire of Grecian warriors. No longer did Homer tune his golden lyre to sing Achilles' wrath, or Virgil his to sing "Arms, et virumque." No longer did Phidias and Praxiteles in the presence of Pericles or amid the groves of the Academe, no longer did the weary pilgrim of Learning wend his way to the city of Alexandria, that he might gather knowledge from the archives of its mighty library—for that too had been destroyed by the torch of the Moslem, and the flame that leaped up from its burning volumes only served to show how deep was the gloom that had settled upon the mind of man. Ignorance had closed the great Book of Nature, and Superstition stamping its seal upon it, there appeared no mind of sufficient strength and daring to burst the seal and unfold the pages that he might peruse those grand passages which proclaim in living words the omnipotent wisdom and power of its Great Author. No; the great truths and principles contained therein were perverted. The casket which held the untold and inexhaustible treasures of Chemistry remained untouched. The alchymist, in his lone and silent laboratory, toiled with unstring zeal to discover the "elixir of life" and the philosopher's stone, with which, like Midas of the olden time, he might at a touch convert the baser metals into gold. Geology was unknown. She had no decaver to pierce the earth and reveal the fantastic forms that had placed upon the cliffs of Time. No one read the wondrous tale which she had written upon the rocky strata, telling of ages and creatures which existed prior to the time when the "flaming sword" of the cherubim flashed upon the darkened vision of our first parents; prior to the time when Jehovah spake the omnific words, "Let there be light," and our planet emerged from the darkness which had shrouded its chaotic mass; and if any prior to the Christian era "in more sky stars sang together." Her mighty truths, which stand as eternal testimonials to the unity of Omnipotence, lay hidden among the arcana of Nature. And 'twas then, when the mantle of the Middle Ages had wrapt the world in darkness; 'twas then, when

"Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night,
God said, Let Newton be, and all was light."

Before the sun of his glory the vapors and clouds of the Middle Ages passed away; the Book of Nature was unsealed, and the fiends of Ignorance and Superstition, who had revelled during the twilight of the world, vanished like the dwarf in the Lay of the Last Minstrel, shrieking, lost! lost!! lost!!!

Come we now to the life of him who caused civilization, phœnix-like, to arise from its ashes and wing its flight toward a higher goal, of him who, standing amid "the flaming walls of the universe," viewed and measured its imperishable immortality. Near the hamlet of Woolsthorpe, Lincoln, in a beautiful valley whose green meadows and sparkling cascades all reflect a fit upon which the lover of Nature might erect his altar, stands a house in which Newton was born—no splendid and turretted palace, in which the gaudy butterflies of fashion might sport amid the sunshine of wealth, but a low thatched hut, whose humble appearance bespoke the dwelling-place of a poor but respectable family. And though humble in appearance yet it has become the Cadus, toward which the devotees of Learning direct their wistful gaze. It was

"Here Newton dar'd—here first his Wisdom soar'd,
And to a wondering world divinely spoke—
If Truth be sought where Plinlimi apples trod,
Or Pascy formed Philosophy a god,
It sages still for Homer's birth contend,
The seas of Science at this name must bend.
All hail the shrine—at last the mind lay—
Unto bonds his song, the old Muse may."

Claiming no proud ancestry or lofty lineage, he was thrown upon the arena of action, full armed, to battle in the cause of learning. At the village school where he attended, the versatility of his genius and the amiability of his disposition won for him the esteem of all; and when he entered college had so great was his intellect, which had already given no mistakable evidences of future greatness, could it but have a suitable field of labor, that his widowed mother resolved to send him to Cambridge University. Here, then, commences his career. Here the Lucas Prize, from which he set out in search of a world of Truth upon an unknown ocean of Knowledge. Here was the Thermopylæ, where, he encircled his name with a halo of glory, which time can not diminish. Our Isaac has thrown around the sages and heroes of antiquity must pale, as does the morning star, when "comes the powerful King of day rejoicing in the east." It is said that between heaven and earth there hangs a harp of a thousand strings, upon which each mortal has his part. It was at Cambridge that Newton first bared his arm and struck the harp with a masterly hand, and the twang of the chords is still heard echoing and re-echoing in the universe, and shall continue to be heard until the sound is lost "'mid the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds."

To the great mind the collegiate texts presented no barrier which it could not surmount—no pinnacle of thought which it could not plume. Mathematics, which to others was a wonderful facility, he obtained the degree of master of arts, and was at once appointed professor of mathematics at Cambridge, caveat with which appointment were some of his grandest discoveries. The deluge of Ignorance, which had submerged the world during the preceding dark ages, had now sunk to its ebb, and there was no other bark left to bear up a masterly hand, and the tyrant of the shoals is still heard shrieking away in the caves of his universe, and shall continue to be heard until the sound is lost "'mid the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds."

To his

MY SISTER

"What are you going to raise the blind to-night for, sister? There is not a star to be seen, and the moon is hid behind the clouds. Do go to sleep, and don't be looking out the window half the night again."

"Oh! I must raise it, the clouds will pass away before I sleep; and I shall see the moon and stars, they always bring such bright visions to my mind."

"But, sister, the wind blows fiercely to-night, and the noise of the pattering rain sounds dismal. For once put down the blind."

"No, no! there is music in the howling wind and noisy rain. I cannot put it down. Please ask it not."

In order to explain the foregoing conversation, it will be necessary to state, that for years past it has been the habit of my sister to raise the blind before retiring. Then propping herself up in such a position that she could see out the window, she would watch the moon and stars alone until after midnight. Frequently have I awakened and found her sitting up in the dark, looking out. Have I have asked her if she had yet been asleep, she would say—

"Sleep! who could sleep when surrounded by such beauties? Sleep when the moon and stars are real poetry!—sleep when the gurgling rill sings songs like that! List! Sleep when the night breeze sighs—wake, and be mirthful! No, sister, I have not slept. I must write; but you sleep by my side, and your gentle breathing will be music to my ear—poetry to my heart."

Such were her exclamations when the crescent rays of the the moon bathed in mellow light the objects within our chamber; but on the night of the above conversation there was no moon to be seen, not even one trembling star to attract her attention, when I begged to have the blind lowered, she said there was music in noisy elements, and I was obliged to yield to her strange notions.

The blind was raised to the top of the casement, and she laid down by my side. I fell asleep, and awakened, and still my sister was peering out into the night. Again I slept, but she had not yet closed her eyes. A long time afterwards I was awakened by her springing up in the bed exclaiming—

"Look sh, sister! How grand—how beautiful!"

For a moment my eyes were blind with a fierce flash of lightning, and there came the half trembling voice of the thunder, while the tumultuous rain beat time with the winds wild howling.

"Oh! sister, do put down the blind," I urged; but her enthusiastic reply was—

"I cannot, do not ask me. I love to see the lightnings, I love to list to the thunder's mighty voice."

And there she sat, bathed in the pale light shot in signing lines across the canopy of the heavens, she exclaimed—

"How magnificent! Oh! nature, how sublime are thy works! I feel that I could worship at your shrine with such fiery light. Peace—peace, I would write, and the warring nations of earth should bow in one united brotherhood of love."

"Now you are off on one of your aerial tone again," said I. "When you feel disposed to sleep, you can call me up again, be kind enough to let me know; for at the rate you are going I shall not know when to expect you."

"Leave me, oh, leave me to my thoughts," she replied, "and I shall be happy."

Feeling reluctant for my rashness, I closed my eyes and tried to sleep; but I courted the sweet restorer in vain. I could only think what a strange being my sister was, and wonder what beauty she could see in the lightning flash.

While I mused, she stole softly from the bed, and throwing a wrapper around her, and going to the window she laid her pale cheek against the pane and gazed out upon the raging elements. I shivered as I saw her thus stand, in the night sea cold, and the fire in the grate before an artist's model. She wrote—there was poetry in her face, and there must have been in her heart. For half an hour I watched her gifted over the paper as if by some magic power. But at length she dropped it, and leaning her head upon one tiny hand, she said,

"'Tis done."

Turning my head to the window again, I perceived the clouds were dispelled, and the moon threw her flickering rays directly in the casement, bathing every object within our chamber in a dull and imitative light.

Extinguishing the light, she came quietly to bed. I could not speak—her silence overpowered me. At length she slept. A sad sweet smile left the lips on earth, and in her slumber she repeated "'Tis done." I could wait no longer to see what she had written; and quietly arising, I crept lying upon the table a long piece of pretty entitled: "Sleep on, sweet sister, while I read poetry in the thunderstorm." To copy it was beautiful would be mockery. Such language, such eloquence I had never before seen. She flopped her wings on earth, then soared away, rested a brief moment upon a fleecy cloud, and catching a glance of the fiery seats of heaven and waved her snowy pinions and smiled gracefully back. Then flapping her wings on earth, she said,

"'Tis done," and my heart responded "'Tis done."

I went quietly to bed again, but in raising the cover I awakened my sister, who immediately arose, and going to the table she folded the paper. Then sat looking a small box, she placed it therein, and locking it again put the key in her pocket.

"What was that you put in the box, sister?" said I, "and why did you put so many papers there?"

"Only a few thoughts," she replied.

"Do let me see them," I insisted; but her response was—

"Not now; when I am dead you may read them all; but not now, sister; remember, do not ask it."

And with these words dying upon her lips she left the room; and we met no more until the next night, when, at sunset, the blind was raised to the top of the casement; and when I begged her to talk, she only replied—

"Oh! let me look at night's silvery queen, and think, I love to think."

And again I fell asleep, leaving her to roam in the fields of holy music, and to sip the pure waters of the gushing stream of poetic beauty.

THE CHARMING WOMAN.

It is by no means necessary that a charming woman shall be beautiful. She appropriates to herself the cestus of Venus; but in lieu of the magic of her loveliness, she possesses the more piquant attractions of wit and sprightliness. Tact, grace of manner and taste in dress are her birthright, and to the woman of society these are worth more than the beauty of a Helen, a Cleopatra, or the talents of a De Staël. She possesses the difficult art of bringing out others, and adroitly placing them to advantage, while enabling her to secure a fast friend, and at the same time show her own kindness of heart and acquaintance with the usages of the world.

The charming woman is a jewel which rarely lacks a fine setting, for her wonderful resources enable her to secure a good position, and her genial, happy temper causes her to glide over the asperities of life without feeling the thorns which lacerate the hearts of those less happily endowed. Life to her is a garden of many-hued flowers, and which she walks with smiling lips and a light heart. She is not troubled with extraordinary sensibility, and nerves are things of whose existence she is happily ignorant.

It is true that the charming woman is very much on the surface, and that which appeals to deep and high-toned feeling finds very little response in what the transcendentalists call her "internals;" but that she possesses kindly impulses and tenderness of heart, is sufficiently evinged by her devotion to the claims of self to all persons, whatever their condition may be. She unconsciously acts out the nature within her, and secures hosts of friends by her unpretending gentleness and unselfishness of manner. The gift is here of saying the right thing at the right moment, and many a heart-ache is soothed and many a heart longs for its quiet dropping for the words which gave encouragement or hope when they were most needed. She seems to possess an intuitive perception of the tastes, foibles and wants of others, and hence her power to please so universally.

I am afraid that the charming woman is a little too much of the "earth earthly," for the passing events of daily life so thoroughly engross her as to leave little time for high thought, and the cultivation of the mind; and after that which lifts us above the influences which surround us. To her, the day, and its occupations suffice; she craves no higher excitement than the temporary glow which her influence is confined to brings like herself, and she aspires to nothing beyond. She is the "angel in the house" which enables her to fill her sphere so deftly prevents her from seeking anything of a loftier nature.

In her own home, the charming woman equally deserves her eulogium, for the attractions which won her husband's heart, she has the tact to preserve, and while she never makes a distaste towards anything coarse, or rude, gives her firmness to train her children in such habits as will make them, in their turn, ornaments to society.

THE BABY IS DEAD.

A long, black scarf, trimmed with broad, white ribbon, hangs upon the door-knob. A death-like stillness pervades the entire apartment, broken occasionally by the softest tread, and speaking in softest whispers, as if fearful of disturbing the figure of an infant sleeper. As you stop along the street observe the sombre scarf, and the instant change in the countenance betrays the thought, "the baby is dead." The sorrow is deep in the hearts of those who have been familiar with its sparkling eyes, but the stranger, who receives the intelligence solely from the scarf on the door, feels that he has lost nothing by the bereavement. How deep was the love that had clustered around the innocent babe; and how terrible is the blow that death inflicts.

The baby is dead! Its no longer clings in innocent love to its mother's breast, or stirs with fondest joy its father's heart. The rosebud mouth is motionless, and those laughing eyes are closed in an eternal sleep. "But even in death it seems to have lost none of its beauty." It lies so calmly in its silken-cushioned coffin, prepared with so much care; it has been arrayed in its noblest garments, its pure brow trimmed with fragrant flowers, and its little hands entwined over its lovely form. As it is thus arrayed, the babe seems only to be sleeping; but alas! it is that sleeping which knows no waking.

The baby is dead! Around it are gathered many whose sympathies it has awakened, whose love it has excited. The minister leans over the cold form, and touched with the sight, pours out a prayer that God may be exalted. "Thy saith the Lord, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.'"

The baby is dead! It lies there, no more forever from the sight of those who love it as no others could. O! how the mother clings to the lifeless form; and as she imprints the last fervent kiss upon its cold cheek, how every heart strings seem to break. And the father, though he has manhood's firmness, and nerves his arm to bear, how feels ornaments, and weeps like a child, as he bends over the corpse of his last one. Sympathy, at other times consoling, is now of no avail, and the bereaved suffer on in their anguish.

The baby is dead! Tears have wet its grave, and crushed hope lie buried with it. Its short mortal existence may have been brief, its death has desolated a joyous home. Sweet babe! Orators may announce a nation's loss in the death of patriots great and true, and poets sing in touching strains the memory of the dead, who have accomplished mighty things—none but angels of heavenly birth could record the life, so pure and beautiful, so early lost.

He who pretends to extraordinary shrewdness, invites deceivers to try their talents upon him.

Written for the Illustrated News.

A PICTURE.

I'll draw a picture of a face,
With soft white hands and large black eyes;
Let from behind as through a veil
Of grey misty gloom, the morning's skies.

She is not lovely: sculptor's curves
And poet's roses are not wed
In her dear form; but her face shows
By what a soul her life is fed.

And in her motion there is grace,
And in her voice sweet harmonies,
While her eyes light her shadowy face
As large stars light the evening seas.

So sweet a being, so subdued
Her airy nature seems, that I know,
At times when in a dreamy mood,
If spirits or lurie moves me so

For when she speaks her voice commands
My soul, and as the air each word
Vibrates, as if by unseen hands
Was struck some fine-toned harpsichord.

And if but with the faintest touch
Upon my sleeve she lays her hand,
No iron-fingered giant's clutch
Could startle more my self-command.

She stirs my nature as the moon
With its white look upbraver the sea,
And as it does the waters rouse,
And ebb and flow with her decree.

I know not whence this power she draws,
Prescience or some more occult force;
I argue from effect to cause,
But cannot reason from the source.

I half suspect schallowed spells,
Yet dare not breathe my doubts aloud;
Within the cloud the lightning dwells,
And shall I meekly drop the cloud?

BUNYAN IN PRISON.

The respectability of Bunyan's character and the propriety of his conduct, as a magistrate at Bedford, appear to have operated very powerfully on the mind of the jailer, who showed him much kindness, in permitting him to go out and visit his friends occasionally; and once to go on a journey to London.

The following anecdote is told respecting the jailer and Mr. Bunyan:—

It being known to some of his persecutors, in London, that he was often out of prison, they sent an officer to talk with the jailer on the subject; and, in order to discover the fact, he was placed in the middle of the night. Bunyan was at home with his family, but so resolute that he could not sleep; he therefore acquainted his wife, that though the jailer had given him liberty to stay till the setting sun, yet, from his uneasiness, he must immediately return.

He did, and the jailer blamed him for leaving at such an unseasonable hour. Early in the morning the messenger came, and interrogating the jailer, said:—

"Are all the prisoners safe?"

"Yes."

"Is John Bunyan safe?"

"Yes."

"Let me see him."

He was called, and appeared, and all was well.

After the messenger was gone, the jailer addressing Mr. Bunyan, said:—

"Well, you may go in and out whenever you think proper, for you know when to return better than I can tell you."

SYMPATHY.

The great secret of human happiness is human sympathy. Can a man live without it? He could life would be living. The oft quoted author of "Leaves of Grass" in one of his expressive lines—

"Whoso does not spend a fortune without sympathy,
Wakes to his own funeral, dressed in his shroud."

It is absurd. We cannot enjoy anything alone. We must at least carry our friends, memories and hopes in our hearts, to render solitude endurable. The man who detaches himself from the world, loses its sympathy, even to pray, worships a false God. To pray for one's self alone implies a deathly egotism, and is utterly empty. Love is the soul of religion, and love is but another name for sympathy.

Selfishness is its own worst enemy. If you keep your soul formed all to yourself, you turn it to stone. But share a blessing with another, and it is increased four-fold. Open your heart, and it grows larger; but lock it up, and it shrivels like a dreadful parchment. Your own miseries shock you this. If you have good tidings, you hasten to tell them. If you are unfortunate, nothing is so severe to you as the consolation of a friend. If you are ill, what music is the voice at your bedside, how beautifully the loving face shines upon you! All your joys are but pure sources of happiness, you are not fully content till you have led others to the fountains. What is your desire to impart to your friends. You want others to appreciate the beauties of the poems you admire, the picture you have studied, the landscape that delights you. If you are honored, the satisfaction is in feeling that some one you love or reverence is aware of your acquisition. The true ambition for wealth seeks it but as a means for impressing the hearts or imaginations of men. You wish to be loved, esteemed, or to do good, through your riches. In short, a substratum of sympathy will be found to underlie every true ambition, all happiness. It is the perversion of this instinct to pay a love of selfish gratification and power, that results in meanness, misery and crime.

Written for the Illustrated News.

THE SOLDIER LOVER.

Farewell, dear love, the time has come—
I press thee to my beating heart—
One long last kiss, our parting kiss!
My country calls, and we must part.

I know thou wouldst not wish me here,
A recreant coward to be;
While other men are bravely cheered
Are first and foremost in the fray.

And should I fall, another's doom
Is under whose sod to lie,
For liberty I give my life,
And ever at death I will be free—

Free from the base fetters of slavery—
Free from the tyrant's galling chains—
The future of the race shall redound
To yonder Heaven-set stars again.

Far better death, than lives disgraced
For sooner meet the living God,
Than kneel before the tyrant's rod
Submissive to his look and nod.

Richmond, Va.

THE DRAMA.

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts."

The general impression that the Drama is vulgar and low, mixes with but little sympathy in the minds of the present day. And the natures of society, the precedent name of drops to really wicked—there are those on the walks—age which are usually found floating on the wave that covers decayed and rotten matter. The defiling influence is dangerous only to constitutions of a predisposed inferiority in all ages, whereas the prevailing vigor of constitution and individual temperament incur of necessity indicate the first remedy. So as to guard against the low and moral predispositions. The quack is often so successful in causing (or talking) us the true Revelation. The Drama as found in any community, will in a measure indicate the status of the place. The practice of the Drama would select for a refined and intelligent audience any play calculated to excite disgust. When plays of a low and vulgar character are put upon the stage with any degree of success it usually indicates, either the gust of the audience, a congeniality of sentiment, which no amount of would deter the scorn of, or being been engendered by the classic and beautiful fring power of the legitimate drama, no more than Free-lovism or Mormonism has been the result of pure Gospel preaching.

If the Drama, as now are on hold as to sect, be necessarily vulgar, why is it so often chained by the pulpit

"To such a moral or adorn a tale?"

Why is it not banished from the bar? Why are the works of dramatic authors permitted to find their way to all libraries, and to hold a place in classic study?

The objection usually urged against the Drama are such as to render any notice of them an apparent attack upon sound morals, and this is not what which the friends of the Drama are neither responsible for, nor usually prepared to answer. If the objections which oppose the Drama would divest their arguments of sectarianism—if they would only be made to the dogmatism of profession, and meet the arguments in favor of the Drama upon fair grounds, and show their principles to be higher and power, they would by no means suffer in the cogent illustrations, and place the Drama in such a position as to force an inferred acceptance of morals where, in reality, there exists only a refined and classic taste. Thus thousands are driven into extremes of error on both sides of the subject. An exclusive theatrical condemnation of the Drama has only a tendency to seal against argument those who, if they will, who really feel a pleasure in classic plays, and to prejudice the infinite prejudice in favor, in defending their taste they are apt to enforce their prejudice. Again, a too unqualified condemnation of the stage creates in weak minds a holy horror—a thing of which they know nothing, while they see too much and hear too much of bigotry and prejudice ever to permit themselves to be enlightened on the subject.

We hope to see the errors of both sides corrected in our young Confederacy, and this can only be done by banishing from the stage all the trashy sensation pieces, which had their origin in the bars (which, in many instances, have been compressed into a thimble,) of our enemies, and patronising only the *legitimate* Drama.

DRAMATIC FACTS.

The first play performed in the United States was the "Countess of Salisbury," the after piece being "The Glove."

The first American play ever acted was written by Robert Tyler, called the "Contrast," and was produced in New York, April 16, 1787.

The first American opera produced was "Judiana, or the Fairy's Protection," by Clemens, at the Walnut street theatre, Philadelphia, May 18, 1820.

The first Italian Opera Company arrived in America and gave their first performance, Oct. 29, 1825, at the Park Theatre, New York, the play being "Il Barbiere de Sevigla."

The first pantomime performed in England was at Drury Lane, in 1702.

CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.—"Say, Mr. Sallerman, what are you goin' to do with that thing over there?"

SAILOR.—"Why, we are *going to blow it up* as soon as it is finished. What else do you suppose we want with it?"

The first Italian opera produced in England was on the 5th of January, 1611, under the auspices of Catherine of Braganza, the Queen of Charles II.

The first comedy was acted at Athens, on a scaffold, by Susarion and Dolon, 562 B. C.—Thespis of Teresse were first performed 154 years B.C., the first in England was in 1551.

Tragedy was first acted at Athens, on a wagon, 535 years B. C., by Thespis, a native of Icaria, a town of Attica, in Greece, in whose time tragedy was carried on by a set of musicians and dancers, who, as they danced, sang hymns in honor of Bacchus; and that the musicians and dancers might have time to rest, and that the people should have some new diversion, introduced an actor, who, between every two songs, repeated some discourse on a tragical subject. This actor's discourse was called the episode, and meeting with a kind reception among the people, Æschylus introduced two actors, and Sophocles a third, which brought tragedy into its full perfection.

Richard the Third, as it stands in the original manuscript of Shakespeare, is five thousand lines long. Hamlet is three thousand five hundred; Romeo and Juliet is two thousand eight hundred; King Lear, two thousand nine hundred; Julius Cæsar, two thousand four hundred; Coriolanus, two thousand six hundred; Othello, two thousand four hundred. Titus Andronicus is made a full equivalent for the verse; Macbeth, only one thousand nine hundred and fifty lines; the Merchant of Venice, three; and Midsummer's Night Dream but little over a thousand.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Sense is a diamond, weighty, solid, round;
Wans rest in gold, and shine through fools;
Yet, not apart, it is a diamond still."

THERE is a man out West so forgetful of facts, that his wife is compelled to keep a wet sack on the end of her nose, that he may distinguish her from other ladies; but this does not prevent him from making occasional mistakes.

"I WANT to see some of your pinolets," said a gentleman one day, as he entered a hardware store.

The dealer took down several parcels, neither of which suited.

"Well, then, what kind do you want? here is a most every variety?"

"Why, darn it, I want them what bores holes in wood."

AN EXCHANGE paper tells a good story of an innocent countryman who chanced to be in one of our cities on Sunday, and went to church. Arrived there, he waited outside for a moment, when to his profound surprise, the organ struck up tune and the congregation burst into song. "Shake down" was about to commence. Just at that moment a gentleman invited him to walk in and take a seat.

"No, sir-ree, Mister! I ain't used to no sich doings on Sunday; and besides, I don't dance." And he retired, shocked, exceedingly.

WASTE—by an ancient maiden lady, Celebrated in song.

The real estate she is not particular about, so that the land is good. The canal she wishes to hand down to posterity.

WOMEN are called "softer sex," because they are so easily bamboozled. Out of one hundred girls, ninety would prefer ostentation to happiness—a dandy husband to a mechanic.

SOME slandering old bachelor says it is much better to marry first and get married, but it is more jaw after a year or so.

SAYS "Pliny," quite gruff,
"She had better soon hail,
Or Sir Cliff wreck herself on a Lee, sure" (seashore)

What did the seven wise men of Greece make when they met the sage of Hindostan?
Answer—Eight saw sages, (six sausages.)

A FRIEND of ours, where chief, if not only failing, was a partiality for good liquors, was asking a new sign, by a then dated old customer, to purchase of some very old whiskey, a dish he valued very highly. He executed very reluctantly, when his hospitable entertainer took the bottle and poured what our friend regarded as a very small dose. The latter taking the glass and holding it above his head, remarked rather significantly—"You say this is 40 years old?" "Yes," replied the host. "Then," replied our friend, "all I have to say is, that it is d—d small for its age."

"WHAT plan," said one actor to another, "shall I adopt to fill the house at my benefit?" "Invite your creditors," was the only reply.

Boston, on being asked if he had ever been on the Hedge of Sighs, replied, "Yes; I have been traveling on it ever since I was married."

A SPANISH proverb: "What the fool does in the end, the wise man does in the beginning."

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E. W. AYRES,
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